

SPECIAL
MIDSUMMER DISCOUNT

TO
WANT ADVERTISERS.

PRICE ONE CENT.

EXTRA. MANY KILLED.

An Explosion De- stroys a Big Build- ing on Park Place.

The Number of Dead
Estimated at from
Ten to Fifty.

Twenty-four of the Injured
at the Chambers
Street Hospital.

An explosion by which a number of people,
estimated all the way from ten to fifty, lost
their lives, occurred at 12.28 this noon.

It was in the Taylor building, 78 Park
place, which fell with a terrific crash.

There were at least 150 beings in it at the
time.

How many were killed it is impossible to
tell at the hour this edition goes to press.

The noise of the explosion was heard for
blocks. It was followed by the crash and
crumble of the falling walls.

A man who happened near, with great
presence of mind, ran to the nearest fire-box
and rang out an alarm.

A squad of policemen, under Capt. Slavin,
came running up from the Church street sta-
tion.

Then came the fire-engines.

By this time there were great clouds of
dark smoke hovering above the block.

Then flames shot upwards and a conflagra-
tion threatened.

Three alarms were rung out and brought
more engines.

Capt. O'Connor arrived with the Oak street
reserves.

The building was a complete ruin.

It had been occupied by Andrew
Peterson, restaurant, in basement; Louis
Rosenthal's shoe, metal leaf and bronze prod-
uct manufacturers, first floor.

Lieber & Maass, lithographers, and the
South Publishing Company, second and
fourth and fifth floors, and Ellis & Flander,
cigar manufacturers, third floor.

A. W. Lindsay, type founder, occupied the
sixth floor.

The heat was intense, and the faces of the
policemen who made the fire lines were
scorched.

They had great difficulty in keeping back
the crowd, which momentarily grew bigger.

The running of trains on the Sixth Avenue
Elevated was stopped.

The firemen worked bravely to rescue those
in the ruins.

The building was L shaped, mainly on Park
place, with the foot of the L on Greenwich
street.

There were thirty girls in the lithographers
when the explosion occurred.

More than a dozen of these ran to the fifth
floor on the Greenwich street side and stood
trembling on the fire escape.

Some of them were rescued by firemen and
some by Elevated Railroad employees, who
ran a short ladder to the second-story fire
escape, to which some of the girls had climbed
down.

In Peterson's restaurant, on the ground
floor, a number of cooks and kitchen help were
huddled.

Some of these are undoubtedly dead.

Domestic Birney was held in by beams
and brickwork on the Park place side. He
managed to get an axe, and hewed his way
out.

Ambulances were on hand from the Cham-
bers street and all the other downtown
hospitals, and the wounded, numbering more
than thirty, were taken away.

Twenty-four of these were sent to the
Chambers Street Hospital.

At the hour of going to press none of the
dead had been gotten out.

There were between forty and fifty people
seated at the tables in Peterson's restaurant
when the explosion occurred.

Louis Fellerman, of 140 Allen street, em-
ployed as chief cook by Peterson, who was
caught in the ruins and also cut his way out,
told this story to THE EVENING WORLD re-
porter.

"I was dashing out," he said, "when the

crash came. Either our boiler exploded or
the boiler in the Eagle Rubber factory in the
rear.

"I know it was a boiler explosion, because
the whole place was filled with hot steam.

"I was scalded, and those poor unfortunate
who were left behind must have met an awful
death.

"They were either boiled or roasted to
death.

"Escape by the stairway leading to the
street was cut off by timbers and pieces of
the wall falling across it, and many must
have been killed outright, I believe, or in-
jured so badly that they could not move.

"I managed to make my way out of a rear
window. How I ever got through the fire and
smoke into the street, I don't know.

"There were ten of us employed in the
restaurant, but I have only seen five who
got out.

There were about forty or fifty girls em-
ployed in the building, making metal leaf and
cigars.

"They were in the habit of eating their
lunches in the shops, and many of them were
no doubt killed.

"Besides the girls there were about fifty
persons employed by Lieber & Maass. I
should judge there would be about 150 people in
different parts of the house."

A SURVIVOR'S STORY.

George Washington Vann, colored, who was
employed as an office-boy in the South Pub-
lishing Company's office, was one of the first
to be rescued from the building.

He was seen by an EVENING WORLD re-
porter, and gave the following graphic de-
scription of his terrible experience:

"I was washing my hands at the sink, and
Mr. Conger, the foreman, was talking with
the bookkeeper near the front of the room.

"Frank and the other pressman, who lives
in Brooklyn, were in the rear of the room tak-
ing the rollers out of the press.

"While I was at the sink I heard a loud
crash and the floor began to give way be-
neath me, and I noticed that the building
was caving in.

The next I knew our floor was on a level
with the sidewalk, the other floors having
fallen up the cellar and basement.

"The beams and sills protected me from
being crushed by the load above. I was
scalded a little by escaping steam, but kept
my senses and looked about for means of es-
cape.

"I found a hole through the brick and other
debris. It didn't look big enough for me to
squeeze through, but it was a fight for life and
I pushed and squeezed until I found my way
out, and how I thanked God at finding myself
safe.

"I think I was pinned in the building for
ten minutes.

"While I was in there I heard cries and
groans and people calling on God to help
them.

"I didn't see anybody until I got out on the
sidewalk.

"The firemen were there, and soon after
they cut me and gave me some clothing. I
saw another man who worked on the west
side of the building make his escape.

"I don't know the names of the people in
our office, excepting Mr. Conger, the fore-
man, and Frank, the pressman.

"Frank told me some days ago that there
were two hundred persons working in the build-
ing.

"The explosion was so great and the sur-
rounding circumstances so unusual, that I
couldn't get the names of those brought in.

"A crowd had gathered about the front of
the hospital, and in it were many persons in-
quiring for friends who worked in the burn-
ing building.

While the wounded were being carried to a
boy with streaming eyes appeared in the
doorway. He was Alfonso Curry, of Wood-
bridge, N. J.

His father, Gustave Curry, had worked in
the building as a lithographer. He was not
among the injured in the hospital, and was
by his father's side in the hospital.

His father worked on one of the upper
floors, and it was more than likely that his body
will be found in the ruins.

AT THE CHURCH STREET STATION.

It was at 12.31 o'clock P. M. that Officer
Lunny, of Capt. Slavin's Precinct, turned in
the first alarm, and this was succeeded
when the firemen reached the spot by two
additional alarms in short order.

All the reserves from the Liberty and
Church street stations were immediately sent
and this force was augmented by details from
the five other precincts of downtown.

All are in charge of Capt. Slavin, and they
have plenty of work on hand to keep the
crowd back at a respectable distance.

SIX MEN BURIED UNDER THE RUINS.

Andrew Canali, a laborer at work on the
place, was in the doorway of 72 Park
place when I heard the explosion. The first
thing I knew afterward the cornice of the
building was lying on the street.

"I could not tell whether the explosion was
in the drug store or in the upper part of the
building. Several people were passing at the
time, and they were thrown down by the
force of the explosion.

"I ran up the street to get out of danger,
and in looking back I saw that the whole
front wall of 68 and 70, five stories high, had
fallen on to the street. I knew there were
several people in the drug store and some in
the basement who did not escape. They were
buried beneath the fallen bricks and mortar.
I struck down. They lie under the pile
of bricks in the street. I did not know any of
them.

"The explosion occurred as nearly as I can
fix it at exactly 12.35 P. M.

ESTIMATES THE DEAD AT THIRTY.

Another man, who was seen at the build-
ing, had heard the explosion and saw the
building fall. He was sure, he said, that
very few people had escaped from them. He
estimated the loss of life at from thirty to
forty people.

"It reminded me," he said, "of the explo-
sion in the Greenfield candy factory, in Park

place, nine or ten years ago, when a large
number of people lost their lives.

"The fire in this case was very rapid in its
outbreak and progress. It almost followed
on the heels of the explosion. It was not
more than a minute, as well as I can fix the
time, from the explosion until the front walls
fell.

"So far as I can judge and from what I can
learn, probably thirty or forty people have
lost their lives."

SAVED FROM THE RUINS.

Domestic Birney, who was employed as a
cook in Peterson's restaurant, was dragged
out from among the ruins immediately after
the explosion more dead than alive.

He was bruised and scratched all over his
head and arms, and was completely covered
with sand and soot.

SAVED FIVE IMPERILED COOKS.

M. H. Brown, a carpenter, in the employ of
O. A. Gager & Co., said he was at work in 72
Park place at the time of the explosion.

"I ran over to the restaurant and saw the
cooks at work in the basement. I pulled out
three of them and they were followed by two
others.

"Then the front of the building began to
totter and I made my escape."

HE WAS IN THE EXPLOSION.

"I was working in the kitchen in the hase-
ment," he said, "when I heard the noise of
the explosion and saw the walls tumbling
down about the door.

"There were five of us in the kitchen and
we were nearly blinded by the soot and dust.

"We were shut off from escape by the front
entrance, for the steps leading down to the
kitchen were filled up with bricks and
mortar.

HEARD HIS WAY OUT.

"I saw a little hole at one side, and I took
an axe and pounded at the pile of bricks till
they tumbled down and made a hole large
enough to crawl through.

"I went through first and then the four
other cooks came after me.

"These were all the persons who were in
the kitchen at the time the explosion took
place."

"There were about fifteen others employed
upstairs.

"Andrew Peterson, the proprietor, was not
downtown to-day, but his son was in charge.
There were three or four waiters, dish-wash-
ers and others.

HEARD HIS WAY OUT.

"I saw one of the waiters, and he told me
that he was the only person who got out alive.

"There were a good many people in the
restaurant getting their lunch just about the
time of the explosion, in which the prop-
rietor is confined, listening with open-
mouthed interest to the tales of the siege of
Warden's barn and the desperate manner in
which Almy held out for hours an army of
over 1,500 armed with every imaginable
weapon from pitchforks, corn-cutters and
scythes to shotguns, which, if fired, would
have killed the whole lot and blown the
building to pieces.

"Many of the citizens hanging around the
hotel-prison still carry their rifles and re-
volvers, but with what object they them-
selves hardly know. All possible sleeping
accommodations are occupied and the town is
in a feverish state, from which it will
be some time before it is removed.

"A large number visited Warden's barn, dig-
ging out bullets and picking up empty cartridge-
shells for souvenirs.

SAVING CHRISTIE KILLED HIM.

Almy is not at all reticent in talking about
the murder. He goes over the days on the
farm, when he and Christie Warden were
together, and related that, he encouraged
him and had given him to understand that
the only impediment to their marriage was
the mystery which seemed to hang over his
previous life.

She had kissed him, he says, much to the
annoyance of the Warden, who refused to
allow her to kiss him, and the relations between the two
were ever so intimate.

Almy says that in coming back to Hanover,
after he had left the farm, he did not do so
with the intention of murdering Christie. In
fact, he never thought of it until the time.

He says that in order to talk with Christie
alone he tried to induce her to come into the
house, and that he and his sister Fannie
tried to hold her back.

He then caught Christie by the ankle with
the hand which held his revolver. When
dragging her thus across the lot the pistol
exploded and the ball entered her abdomen.
Then, to put her out of her misery, he says he
shot her in the head.

This theory is ridiculed by the physicians
who examined the body after it was taken
from the place where the murder was com-
mitted. They say the powder-marks show
that the pistol was held close when fired and
that the shot was premeditated.

HER GRAVE A MYSTERY.

As to his past, Almy is still an enigma. He
says he was brought up in the South, and is
connected with some of the best families
there. But further he refuses to speak.

He says he started several times to go
away, but the grave of the murdered girl was
a magnet which held him to the neighbor-
hood. He knew he had been discovered, and
that to watch her every day would save him
from the law or a worse fate.

Twice a week he says he visited the grave
at midnight and laid wild flowers on the
mound of the murdered girl.

He says the funeral, and he remembers
the day as one of the most beautiful and yet
saddest he ever experienced.

All in all, Almy is the most remarkable mur-
derer the State has known, and until his
death will remain an object of interest.

HOW HE WAS DISCOVERED.

That the murdered girl's mother should
have been the discoverer of her slayer is one
of the topics that is on almost every tongue
in the vicinity.

Mrs. Warden says that Monday afternoon,
while hunting for some chickens under the
barn, she noticed in the pigeon a can and
jelly tumbler. She at once went into the
house and told her daughter, and when her
little boy Johnny came in they went to the
yard together and looked under the barn.

Johnny said that he saw a lot more stuff
there, and wanted to reach in, but she
wouldn't permit him.

The same day Mr. Bridgman, Charles Stone
and Mr. Warden made a search and found
nothing. Wednesday morning W. Davidson
and A. A. Frost came up and looking at the
jelly tumbler, they had been taken from the
village. Making another search they found
under the barn two empty fruit jars and
a brick club, cut in the shape of a police-
man's baton.

That evening Mr. Davidson told Mr. Warden
about the find. He had been looking
around here for Almy, and Solicitor Mitchell
and Sheriff Blagden were then on their way
to the village. They were then the finding of
Almy, the slayer of the barn and the capture
of the murderer.

MORRIS GOTTLEBERG, SEVENTEEN YEARS OLD, 274
West Fourth street; fractured clavicle.

ALMY IS ABBOTT. WALSH'S FALL.

Christie Warden's Murderer Is an Es-
caped Expert Burglar.

Identified To-Day by Officers from
the Vermont State Prison.

He Sings of "Her Grave" and
Jokes About Hanging.

How have the mighty fallen! Thomas P.
Walsh, erstwhile political boss of the Second
Assembly District, and but recently Warden
of the Tombs at a fat salary, with privileges
and perquisites, is now a laborer in the Dock
Department at day wages.

The man who formerly ruled the political
destinies of an Assembly district, and who
but a short time ago was supposed to be
doing a thriving saloon business at 17 Centre
street, has been appointed to a job in the de-
partment of Almy.

The ex-County Democracy leader is merely
a laborer. At least he was appointed on June
18 as a laborer, and is required to work
twelve hours a day.

An ordinary laborer would not consider em-
ployment for that number of hours a sinecure,
but then there is nothing generous in the dis-
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nominally a laborer, for he was detailed im-
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